

AN INTERESTING NIGHT OFF.

One night when some of the staff had a night off, a Siberian Captain, with a special permit from the General, took Miss Thurstan, the doctor, and a Russian Sister to the front trenches. They started at 10 p.m. and got back at 5 a.m. A fiery German attack was going on, and the bullets falling like hail. Crouching down they watched the attack. When there is a bayonet attack the Russians score, as their bayonets are two inches longer than those of the enemy. The men in the front trenches were wearing masks, as the Germans have now begun to throw vitriol.

she still dreams of the bomb which dropped at her feet unexpectedly from a Taube, as she was walking along the road at Radziwilov, totally unaware of the presence of the enemy. Mercifully the road was very muddy and the bomb sank into the mud and exploded upwards. Had the road been hard she must inevitably have been killed. As it was the soldiers who rushed forward to pick up the pieces, found her standing at the edge of the hole it had made.

It may interest our readers to know the Christmas menu enjoyed by the members of the flying column. It consisted of roast horse, boiled



PRINCE IMERETINSKY. QUEEN ALEXANDRA. PRINCESS VICTORIA. PRINCESS ROYAL. PRINCESS MAUD OF FIFE.
MOTOR AMBULANCES FOR RUSSIA INSPECTED AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE BY QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

Miss Thurstan found her visit to the trenches and positions (*i.e.*, the points where the guns are placed) most interesting—well worth a night's sleep. The dug-outs, just behind the trenches are, she says, very comfortable. It was while dressing a wounded man under fire one day that she felt a stinging pain in her own leg, and from the subsequent bleeding realized that she had been wounded, the wound, happily a flesh ore, was found to have been caused by shrapnell; she makes light of it, but owns that

potatoes, an ancient currant cake, specially kept for this feast by one of the party, and some punch, made of a teaspoonful or two of brandy, a pint of water, and a lump of sugar.

On the train the Sisters only had what they carried with them. Food was not scanty, there was plenty of black bread, and other food, but no butter or eggs. They once for two days had only bread and tea—no milk or sugar, "just tea"—"but that," says Miss Thurstan; "was our own fault, as we knew we should only

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